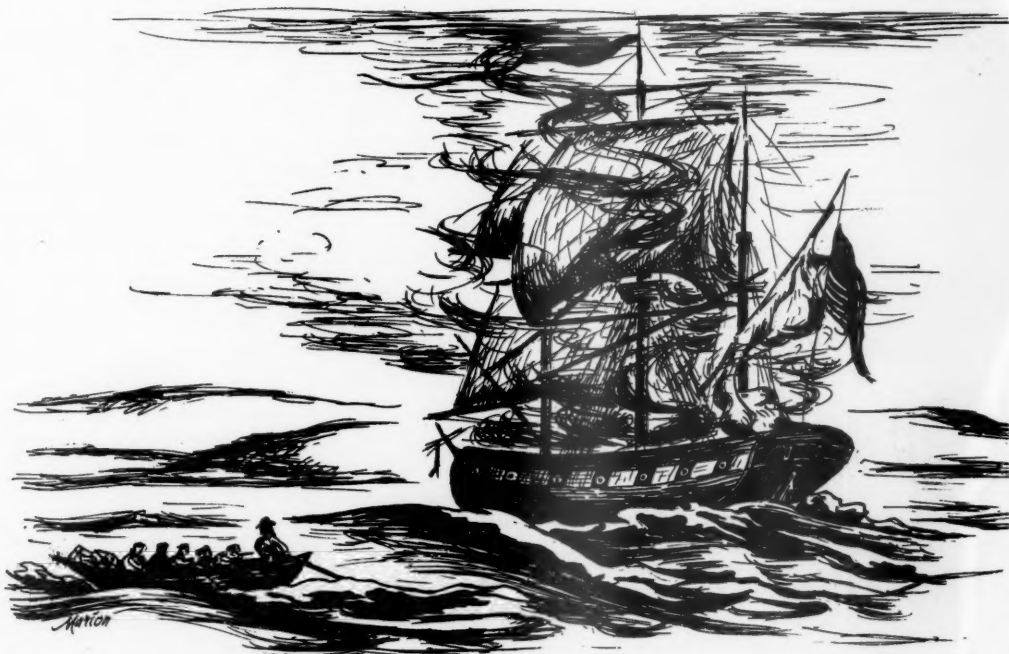


LONG ISLAND FORUM

Mrs. Emily Brown
Wading River, L. I., N. Y.



"Boats of the H.M.S. ENDYMION leaving the burning American Privateer MARS." Drawing by Marion Malinka. See page 79

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LONG ISLAND FORUM

Published Monthly at Westhampton Beach, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter September 30, 1959 at the Post Office at Westhampton Beach, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Paul Bailey Founder
Publisher 1938 - 1959

Charles J. McDermott,
Editor - Publisher

Chester G. Osborne
Associate Editor

William Burgess — Bus. Mgr.
Eugenie McDermott-Circulation
Contributing Editors: Douglas
Tuomey, Julian Denton Smith,
Roy E. Lott, Dr. John C. Huden.

One Year Subscription \$3.00
Two Years \$5.00

Readers' Forum

Another Teen-Age Diary

(Editor's Note: Mr. Thomas R. Bayless of Middle Island kindly sent us the excerpts from a "Teen-Age Diary kept some eighty years prior to the Julia Hand diary recently printed in the Forum. The comments which appear in parenthesis are made by Mr. Bayless.)

Old Diary In 1808-1811

Life in the country 150 years ago is shown by entries in an old diary of 15 year old Cynthia Hutchinson's kept during the years 1808 to 1811 in Middle Island.

Daniel Tuthill was drowned in returning from New London to

(Continued on page 87)

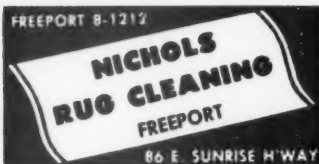
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Recovered Treasure

Douglas Tuomey

ONE OF the best authenticated tales of buried treasure on Fire Island sets the date of the event in the year 1830. Some fifteen or twenty people witnessed the various events from the first appearance of the treasure hunters, to the final successful conclusion expedition.

The description of the men who made up the party, and particularly that of the odd-looking leader of the group, is so close and in such unusual agreement, that there is little doubt but that the tale is more fact than fancy. It is further borne out by two letters and the pages of an old country physician's diary.

Most intriguing is the methodical, clean-cut and rapid way the treasure was located and uncovered, clearly indicating that the searchers were sure of their location, and by no means working on hearsay or guided by a hastily drawn chart.

It was on the first day of November in 1830, that three horsemen made their appearance at the coach inn, which at that time was located on the South Country Road, midway between the settlements now known as Babylon and Bay Shore. The trio were later described as a small, thin man of indeterminate nationality, a tall and heavy man with a full beard, evidently an Italian, and a man of normal stature who, it developed, was a deaf-mute. All three were well dressed, booted and caped as was the fashion then for horsemen.

On being greeted by the host, the thin man arranged for lodging for his companions and himself and all three entered the tap-room, where some ten or more travelers and local people were enjoying the open fire.

As usual in those days, silence fell upon the room as all turned their heads to ob-



serve the newcomers. One of those present was the old physician who kept the diary where can be found the minute description of the strangers.

According to this local healer, it soon became plain that the thin man was the important personage. His face was unusually white, in fact, according to the good doctor, the result of either long imprisonment or a fatal disease nearing culmination. His eyes were deeply sunk in his head, his hair white and his actions sharp and cricket-like.

At no time during their stay did either of the other two men address or make a gesture to anyone else in the inn. The doctor noticed particularly that the thin man was armed, carrying two pistols, not the usual horse-pistols but a set of dueling-pistols.

The heavily bearded man who apparently was unarmed, could well have been a sea captain, a merchant, or some kind of person in authority, were it not for his furtive manner. He had a peculiar way of constantly turning his head, to stare unblinkingly at any person whose eyes he felt upon him. This, according to the doctor, is the sign of one who is uneasy and constantly on guard against some ever-threatening denouement.

The third man, quite without any distinction, and who the thin man had told the host was a deaf-mute, was the type usually associated with clerical or shop-keeping activities. The strange thing about this man was that although he had been described as a deaf-mute, he half rose from his chair when a mug

slid off a tray and crashed to the floor behind him.

After the evening meal, and when most of the guests of the inn had either departed or retired for the night, the thin man held a lengthy conversation with the host. Ignoring any questions as from whence he had come, or upon what business, he asked about the location of a certain church in Babylon, the distance across the bay to what we know as Fire Island and from whom a good boat and boatman could be engaged the following morning. Upon receiving satisfactory answers to his inquiries, he followed his companions to bed.

Then the host, his wife and daughter spent several hours discussing their strange guests; coming to the completely correct conclusion that they were after something on the island, and that something could only be buried there. They were mystified at the interest in the church, but this became clear forty-eight hours later. It was a letter, written by the host's daughter several weeks later, in which she described the following chain of events, which enabled us to follow down the tale.

At daybreak the strangers were about, and after partaking of a quick breakfast they mounted and rode east for a mile, then turned to the shore of the bay to where a fisherman's shack stood amidst a heavy growth of bulrushes. Here the thin man held parley with the bayman, counting out several coins as he gave his instructions. As it later developed, the man was engaged for two days and one night if the weather was clear. If not, for as many succeeding days or nights as the project might require. Oddly, the fisherman was not bound to secrecy nor placed under any kind of promise.

Done with the arrange-

ments, the thin man returned to the inn alone, where he purchased some cold meat, bread and spirits, along with a shovel. Leaving the inn, he rode hastily to the small settlement, and from the local blacksmith bought six feet of iron rod, of the type in general use for making shapes and bolts for the repair of farm wagons and oxen yokes. Disregarding the smith's attempt on conversation, and paying again in silver coin, the thin man wheeled his horse and returned to the fisherman's hut.

At approximately noon, the strangers were on their way to the island, guided by the bayman who sat at the tiller of his tubby craft and made no attempt to question them. Actually, he was quite content with everything thus far, for certain things had transpired between the time the thin man had ended his conversation with the host at the inn and the time the strangers arrived at the fisherman's shack.

The host had been very active during most of the night. First he had sent a hostler to the fisherman, to tell him to expect the strangers in the morning, and to tell what he thought they were about. Next, he had passed the word of the suspected treasure hunt to friends, and even as the fisherman's boat was leaving the shore, two other boats were in readiness but hidden in the rushes a mile or so below the shack. The fisherman had left his silver hire behind him, the three horses were tethered behind his hut, and a couple of friends would see to it that the strangers never threw leg over them again, if the fisherman failed to return with the party.

Landing was made in an hour or so, the boat pulled up and preparations made for the overnight stay. As darkness closed in and the sky above became bright with stars, the thin man and one companion walked to the

(Continued on page 90)



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The Hurricane of September 21, 1938 - Part III

George E. Burghard

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I followed the others around the bushes, which were very sharp and scratched us up pretty badly. But we finally reached the road, which was 3 ft. under water. After ducking around and over wreckage we made the fairway of the Westhampton golf course, the 11th hole of which was just across the road and high and dry. Peter came along and joined us, tickled to death to be on dry land; so were we.

A woman came out of the Steinbugler house and waded through the water to where we were. She was more or less hysterical and didn't make much sense, but upon questioning told us there were two babies in the house. Avery said he would go and get them and I took Mabel by the arm and we started walking up the golf course.

On the chart, from our house to where we landed, one point west of Oneck, is a little over a mile, but we figured that with the detour we floated about two and a half miles. How long it took us to get across will never be known, but I imagine we were traveling at least ten miles per hour.

The wind had shifted to the southwest by now and was still blowing just as hard, and boards and things were still flying through the air. Trees were blowing all around us, but we were in an open space on the fairway and in no danger. We looked back at the beach, and I thought I could make out two shadows where our house had stood, so that we thought the Livermore house and our house were still standing. This may have been a bit of imagination, as the people on the Steinbugler porch must have seen everything go on the dunes to frighten them as badly as it did.

As we walked along we took account of ourselves. Mabel had just a bathing suit, but



The Former Hathaway House on Dune Road Split Asunder by the Hurricane

the lorgnettes were still around her neck, and her handbag, dripping water, was still on her arm, with cruel welts showing where the handles had bruised her flesh on the way over. We were both in our bare feet; I with just the remains of a pair of trousers, and our legs bruised and bleeding from many cuts and scratches, but nothing broken, although Mabel's ankle and wrist were badly swollen. Nevertheless we walked on—where, we didn't know, because we had never been there before. I had Mabel by the arm but the wind was so strong that several times she was taken right off her feet and I had to pull her back by the wrist. Peter was running about having a grand time.

Strangely enough, as we walked along, the darkness seemed to lift and the sun tried to come through the clouds. The rain had stopped entirely, but the wind was chilling us to the bone.

We had figured out that the thing to do was to telephone our friends, the Zimmersmans, and ask them to come for us in a car. We knew their house was open, and felt sure it would be warm and dry.

We walked about two miles and finally saw a house over

a hedge, and, heading in that direction came out on the main road from Westhampton to Remsenburg. Now I knew where I was and said, "I'll go into that house and telephone." Of course there wasn't a telephone in operation for twenty miles, but it never occurred to us at that time. The house was unoccupied, so we stood there shivering in the wind.

There was a dip in the road to the east, and I knew it was only a mile walk from there to Westhampton Beach, but in the dip, where there never had been water before, was a roaring torrent about 100 ft. wide with a waterfall on the left, and all kinds of wreckage coming through. There were several cars on the other side, but only a telephone truck attempted to cross it. I said, "If he gets through, we will try it." He plowed into the middle and stalled—the water was right up to the body. That settled that, and we stayed.

There we were, half naked, shivering and bleeding but nobody paid any attention to us. Just then a car drove up. The driver never even looked at us, and a woman came out of a house and also paid no attention to us. Apparently in disasters of this kind every-

one is so frightened and worried that they have no time for anyone else. The man got out of the car and came over to us as though we were sightseers and said, "How can I get to Westhampton? Can I get through here?" I said, "No, you can't, but if you are going to Westhampton, we'll go with you." We opened the door and hopped in, dog and all. He turned around and told us he was looking for his family and had been two hours trying to get to Westhampton. We told him we wanted to get to the Zimmermans' and he said he knew their chauffeur and would do his best. His name was McKnight, and a very nice chap. We tried road after road, but they were all blocked by trees and telephone poles, which were still falling. At last we came to Montauk Highway and then found a way into Westhampton. We stopped at Perry's drug store which is east of the town on Main Street. We got out. There was no one in sight, and in the center of town there were at least 6 ft. of swirling water which was still rising.

McKnight talked to some people who had just driven up in a car, and told us the bridge was out and we couldn't get to Zimmermans'. I said, "O.K., many thanks for the lift—we'll go to Perry's and get warm." We walked to the drug store and found it closed tight and deserted. The rain had started again and with the terrific wind was chilling us badly.

Just then a man walked by, leading an old lady. I called to him. "Where can we get warm?" He said, "Follow me to the Howell House; it has a stove." So, beachcombers that we were, we followed him across to the Howell House. As we walked in with the dog, Peter, and our bleeding legs, bare feet, and scant clothing, the people just looked at us and said, "What do you want?" We said, "Where can we get warm? We just swam across the bay." They looked at us skeptically, which I can



Wreckage at Westhampton Beach

well understand, as everyone was so frightened they thought it was the end of Long Island, and the water was still rising. Finally someone took us into the kitchen—and there we stayed before the coal range, where they brought us coffee and brandy, and we really were warmed up.

6:00 P.M.—

It was still daylight when we arrived at the Howell House, and I judge the time to have been about 6:00 P.M. The hotel was closed for the season that morning, but due to the storm they opened it again. The help was all colored, and as we stood dripping before the stove, while the water was still rising outside in Main Street, Mabel caused distinct confusion by telling everyone that the whole of Long Island was going; it had

been predicted two years ago. The darkies all began chanting and praying.

In about half an hour the water in the village receded as quickly as it had come in. The high water level was 8 ft. in Main Street. Of course it left all kinds of wreckage, but everyone breathed a sigh of relief when it receded. After getting some shoes and dry clothes from the manager of the hotel, I went up to the third floor to look at the dunes. It was about dusk, but from what we could see, there wasn't a house left standing. When we came down I had a sandwich and a drink with Mabel, and everyone was very kind to us. They put disinfectants on our cuts and did everything they could to make us happy under the circumstances.

(Continued on page 92)

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The American Privateer "Mars"

Frederick P. Schmitt

THE DAYS of the War of 1812 were dismal and black—England and America both were suffering from the scourge of privateers with letters of marque which combed the seas for easy marks. American privateer captains plied the seas from the coast of Europe to the South Seas, utilizing everything from fishing smacks to specially built, private ships-of-war.

A privateer usually began her voyage with a large crew, which was used to man the prize ships captured during long voyages. The perils and hazards of the business were great, what with British brigs and sloops patrolling the waters from Halifax to the Southern Oceans. One such American privateer, the MARS, put out of New York harbor early in December of 1813 in quest of fortune. She was a large vessel of war, for she carried 15 guns and a crew of over a hundred men.

Captain Ingersoll set his course north to Newfoundland, and finding the pickings poor, made for the Western Islands off Africa. While off the coast of Portugal she made chase and captured the brig BRITANNIA out of Lisbon bound for London with a cargo of fruit. A prize crew was ordered aboard and the ship was sent into New Bedford, Massachusetts.

The MARS turned her bow towards the Cape Verde Islands, where on the little island of Brava she took on water and provisions for a long voyage to the Leeward Islands. At the Leewards she destroyed several vessels and ransomed a schooner with a cargo of flour for \$8,000.

So far Ingersoll had been lucky, but now that luck began to turn. On February 10, 1814, while in company with another privateer, the COMET, he was chased by H.M.S. AMARANTHE, one



of the 18-gun brigs patrolling the West Indies at the time. Captain Pringle of the AMARANTHE gave a spirited chase near the little island of Saba, but the two privateers escaped in the darkness of night.

Soon after Ingersoll parted with the COMET; and on the 13th she captured the brig ROBERT under Captain Keleher out of Halifax with a cargo of fish and lumber, bound for Jamaica. The crew and passengers were taken out and the ship was remanned from the privateer's crew. The ROBERT was dispatched with orders to sail for Charleston, S. C., but was soon recaptured by the H.M.S. RHINE and sent into Nassau in the Bahamas.

After the capture of the ROBERT, Captain Ingersoll steered for Puerto Rico, where he hoped to repair some damaged spars and secure fresh provisions. Off St. John's he thought he had hit "pay dirt." There were four merchant vessels sitting off the town, when suddenly a British frigate hove into sight and chased the privateer throughout the day, but Ingersoll managed to escape by throwing over six of the MARS' guns—but it was his superior sailing that did the trick!

Soon they set sail to America, when on the 19th of February the MARS ran in with the brig SUPERB which was in the service of a large shipping firm called the Patriotic Company. This combine had offices in Newfoundland, Quebec, Bermuda, and Barbados. At the time, the SUPERB was bound from Turks Island to Trinidad with a cargo

of salt. Turks Island, incidentally, was in very poor economic condition then for want of food and specie from the American salt trade, which had all been lost as a result of the war.

The SUPERB was taken as a prize and, according to a contemporary Bermudian newspaper account, ordered into Charleston, "where she arrived, after a narrow escape, having been chased off the bar by one of his Majesty's frigates."

Later in February she captured the Schooner MARY & ELIZA, under a Captain Vickers, with a very valuable cargo of coffee and 200 bushels of corn from Jamaica. The cargo was owned by John and Samuel Musson, who were merchants on the island of Bermuda. She was manned from the MARS and directed into the first American port she could make, which turned out to be Wilmington, South Carolina.

The following day the MARS fell in with the home-bound merchant convoy to England under the protection of H.M.S. VALIANT. All British merchant ships had to travel in convoys during that time, and if the master of the naval escort was effective, the hovering privateers would find it tedious work picking off stragglers. Captain Oliver of the VALIANT served his duty well for the MARS went without a prize.

Now the going became rough. The winds blew fresh and strong, and a frigate bore down on the MARS. The enemy must have been gaining, for Captain Ingersoll ordered the spare spars, shot and some of her guns overboard, and only through lightening the ships did he escape in the cover of darkness.

On the 6th of March the MARS turned up off Long Island when H.M.S. ENDYMION, 40, hove in sight un-

der Captain Henry Hope. Hope chased the American privateer the rest of that day and night, and on the following morning the frigate BELVIDERA and sloop RATLER appeared. Captain Ingersoll found it impossible to escape and ran his ship ashore, it is said, not far from Rockaway. The captain and crew managed to row ashore, while being chased by the boats of the British men-of-war under the command of 1st Lieutenant John Sykes of the BELVIDERA. The remainder of the crew, which had consisted of seventy men by now, were taken off by the attacking force and the ship was burnt.

The captured crewmen were put aboard the ENDYMION and taken to Bermuda, where they arrived on April 30, 1814. One contemporary account states that the prisoners "who were so unfortunate as to be taken by the MARS, give the Captain a character diametrically opposite to that sustained by the commanders of Yankee privateers generally. They speak in very favorable terms of the polite behavior of Ingersoll and his petty officers; and state that they even gave up their own berths, and did every thing in their power to render the situation of their prisoners as comfortable as possible." As an afterthought, the editor of the piece added:

"Give the devil his due!"

List of Sources:

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* This account is not wholly accurate, for it states that the MARS went ashore near Sandy Hook. The ENDYMION, BELVIDERA, and RATLER were stationed there, and the chase was properly commenced there.

Readers' Forum

Recollections Of T. R.

The picture in the December 1960 number of the Forum of the building in Oyster Bay that President Theodore Roosevelt used for an office while he vacationed at Sagamore Hill, recalls the first time that I ever saw him. I was then working in Long Island City and arrived there by train at 3:30 p.m. One summer afternoon as I stepped from my train I saw a special train of two cars standing on the next track to ours. Into the first car, which was a combine, men were loading typewriters and other office equipment. The other car in the train was No. 2000, the private car of the President of the Long Island Railroad. At each end of this car a man in civilian clothes was sitting on the step.

As I passed the rear end of that car I saw President Roosevelt sitting in a comfortable chair with an open book in his hands. Mrs. Roosevelt sat opposite him. The station concourse was filled with people pressing against the

(Continued on page 82)



Conrad Poppenhausen, one of the early presidents of the Long Island Railroad who was born in Hamburg, Germany in 1818. Poppenhausen who lived at College Point established there the Poppenhausen Institute which will soon have special exhibits for residents interested in the history of the area.

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Long Island Indian Reservations

IF YOU have visited the Shinnecock Reservation you know that no "Wild West Show" or Indian "fanfare" greeted you. It is just a law abiding community of citizens, descendants of the Shinnecock Tribe that in 1703 were given "a new Indian deed" that reads "for them and theirs as long as the grass grows and water runs, certain privileges of planting, fishing, hunting, etc., by a lease to them of the Shinnecock tract, including the hills, for a thousand years. . ." According to historians it probably is the oldest Indian Reservation in the United States.

The Shinnecock people are self-governing and very precious to them is "a small neatly bound red book bearing the date 1793 on its stained and faded flyleaf, recording the meetings of the Shinnecock Trustees since its first meeting" which is filed in the Southampton Town Clerk's office. This stems back to 1792 and a special Act of the State Legislature permitting the Tribe to annually elect three Trustees (who had to be blood members) to serve for one year, representing the Shinnecocks in civic matters, apportioning land and also to lease to non-Indian farmers. Every year since this Act of 1792 male members of the Tribe have met in the chambers of the Town Board of Southampton the first Tuesday of April, are sworn in by the Town Clerk, who presides, and elect three men whose names are presented to a board of three Justices of the Town who officially declare the men Trustees if no reason is found why they should not serve.

When a blood member becomes of age and desires ground for a home or planting it is customary for the Trustees to grant the request but if the allotment is not used in a period of three years the

Hilda M. Turner

Trustees are permitted to reclaim it and allot to another member. As Shinnecocks were not generally farm-minded when it came to making it a livelihood the Board members, together with a committee that had investigated the situation, convinced their people it would be profitable to lease unused ground to non-Indians. That was in 1934 and today we understand the leasing of ground nets them an income of two or three thousand dollars yearly which is apportioned among the families of the Reservation and affords work for Shinnecocks who want to do farm work.

There have been two buildings at the Reservation that have meant much to the Tribe for generations, the school and the church. In 1830 the Shinnecock Indians provided the ground and New York State erected a school for the Indian children, a one-room, one-teacher setup that remained the same for one hundred years until 1930 when

two teachers were supplied for elementary grades and high school students now attend Southampton schools, traveling by bus. As Lois Marie Hunter (Princess Nowedonah) remarks in her book "*The Shinnecock Indians*"; "A building can have a personality, can be a part of the people it houses and serves. So this building has become a part of the lives of the Shinnecocks," and "... it is more than an outmoded rural school. It is a part of all that is Shinnecock as the very bay, the ocean, or hills, or fields." What a pity the State Department officials were not more mindful of this little place of learning throughout the years but according to *The Shinnecock Indians* in spite of the neglect and indifference there were bright spots when sincere and qualified teachers were in charge, and not forgotten are the many ministers serving the Shinnecock Church who voluntarily took over the duties of a teacher besides their regular church

(Continued on page 84)



Sketch of an Indian Village by Louis Weickum

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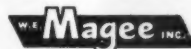
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Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 80)

iron gates and trying to get a glimpse of the President.

The next time that I saw President Roosevelt was in June, 1908 when I was living in Jamaica. On my way to the train that day I was obliged to wait at the Canal St. crossing of the L.I.R.R. to allow a westbound special train of two cars to pass. On the rear platform stood two men, one, the President was waving a broad-brimmed panama hat to the three or four of us standing by the gateman. I learned from the newspapers that the President was bound for Princeton, New Jersey, to attend the funeral of Ex-President Grover Cleveland.

When Roosevelt returned to Oyster Bay from his African hunt in 1910 my wife and I were in the crowd that welcomed him home. Her uncle escorted him from the train to the band stand in the little park near the station where Roosevelt made a short speech thanking the people for their welcome home and telling us a few incidents of his trip.

My wife spent part of her childhood in Oyster Bay and attended the Cove Neck school along with Alice, and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. Every Christmas their father gave presents to the children in that school and she once received a doll from him. Several of my wife's relatives lived in Oyster Bay and we visited them quite regularly.

One year my wife went there with her small son and when she came away her cousin drove her to the Oyster Bay station. Before she boarded the train the Ex-President came along and being personally acquainted with her people he stopped and chatted with the two women, patted the small boy on the head, and boarded the train.

On Washington's Birthday in 1927 I met and shook hands with Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., who was the speaker at a communion

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breakfast held in the parish house of St. Thomas Church, at Bushwick Ave. and Cooper St. in Brooklyn. He came from Oyster Bay with the Rev. George Tallmage, Rector of Christ Church there at that time.

John Tooker
Medford

Back To Hauppauge

The first time I saw a copy of the Forum it was up in the northern part of New York State—on a deer hunting trip. A friend of mine who lived in Lindenhurst, L. I. had a hunting camp in the Adirondack Mountains. Every year he invited a party of fellows to go up to his camp deer hunting. One time while I was there I picked up a copy among some magazines he had there for his friends to read while they were resting up.

Then I read it and it so fascinated me with all the things about Long Island—I came home and subscribed for it and have done so ever since.

I guess the reason that I am a real Long Islander is due to the fact my father's kin folks were among the first English settlers who arrived at Founders Landing at Southold around 1640.

I entered Government service and put thirty-five years in the Customs in the Port of New York. When I retired I decided to return to Hauppauge to finish my days, as I had never forgotten the warm friendly spirit that existed among the neighbors and community, something I had not found in the other places I had lived. Hauppauge has grown, the same as all of Long Island, but I find that community spirit still exists here and many of the new people who have moved here have helped to keep it alive, for which we are thankful.

M. Prince
Hauppauge

P.S. One other thing I wanted to mention was that I always did so enjoy the articles by Dr. Ashton Wood.

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L. I. Indian

(Continued from page 81)

work and also the teachers of a later generation who served them so well.

The Shinnecock church originally stood at Canoe Place, Hampton Bays, where it welcomed not only Indians but many white people from Brooklyn and other distant places to hear the renowned Shinnecock preacher, Reverend Paul Cuffee, who erected the church that had been a fond hope of his outstanding missionary grandfather, Peter John Cuffee. Only half of the original Shinnecock church now remains at Hampton Bays and is being used by another race for in 1849 the other half of the building was floated on ice across Shinnecock Bay and placed at Shinnecock Neck where it became a vital spot in the lives of the Shinnecock people and witnessed the transition from Indian "wooden gods" and "fynnes and tails" (portion of a whale considered highest tribute that could be offered to one of their many gods) to Christianity. Although the little church had withstood the elements of severe weather for more than a century and a half it finally succumbed to the fury of the Long Island hurricane of 1938, but thanks to the interest and financial sharing by many outsiders the following year the Shinnecock people were able to enjoy a new attractive church on the same grounds as the

old, much better equipped to carry on the Tribe's religious, creative and educational work.

Today at Canoe Place in Hampton Bays on the site of the original Shinnecock Church you will find the grave of Reverend Paul Cuffee, an Indian who welcomed a white man's education and made good use of it. A small white wooden fence encloses the grave and the dark red stone monument bears an unusual tribute to this Shinnecock minister by the New York Missionary Society that sponsors the upkeep of this historical landmark.

We find the members of the Shinnecock Tribe have continued celebrating the religious ceremony known as June Meeting through many years. In the year 1959 the "Miaweme Accomborneguis" (He gathers them together with joy and peace) had the added attraction at the Thunderbird Trading Post of the dedication and "Potlach" (erection of the totem pole) that had been handcarved by Shinnecock Chief Thunder-

bird, (Henry Bess of Riverhead). At the top of this 16 ft. pole is a large Thunderbird and below are images of a chief, Long Island cranes and an Indian holding a fish. Much of the work was done with the aid of the Tribe's 350 year old mallet and proves the old tradition of passing on this art "from father to son" still continues.

It is interesting to note that in 1959 the Shinnecocks were successful in retaining through the Court of Appeals in Albany a nine acre portion of their original boundary that had been in dispute with

(Continued on page 86)



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The Perfect Lady Rider of 1830

A True Tale By
Kate W. Strong



WHAT WERE the proper accomplishments of a young lady over a hundred years ago? 'The Young Lady's Book' published in 1830 gives the answer. My copy belonged to my great aunts and, as at least one of the seven, Aunt Amelia, rode horse back, I turned to the lessons on the art of riding a horse, as the most interesting to me.

The lady's habit of those days consisted of a waist well boned and the skirt pleated at the waist behind to give fullness, and a curve in one of the seams so the skirt would fit well over the pommel. This skirt was so long it was impossible to walk without holding it up.

My mother told me that, when her brother had a habit made to her measurements in New York, as her horse was a small morgan, it had to be shortened, as otherwise it would have interfered with the horse when travelling. While we have my mother's habit, we do not have her hat, so I do not know just what she wore.

But in 1830 it was a high silk hat. There was a warning that it should be securely fastened. (I do not know how this was done, as they did not approve of a strap under the chin, because they said if the hat tipped forward the lady might raise her whip hand with a flurry which might scare the horse.) Of course the lady rode side saddle.

There was an extra pommel on the far side in the old side saddles, and the lower pommel on the near side, which was called the leaping horn, was not, as I understand, standard equipment. In fact I have seen one very, very old side saddle where the pommels were a pair of cow's horns.

But now the lady is ready

to mount. The groom hands the lady the four reins which she takes in her right hand and rests her hand, which also holds the whip, on the near pommel. From then on the control of the horse seems to be in the lady's care, as the groom is too busy giving her his hand on which she places her foot, and, with hand on his shoulder, she springs into the saddle.

She then moves her hand with the reins to the right pommel and, setting her knee over the near pommel, settles her skirt, after which the groom pins the bottom of her skirts together with a brooch.

Posture was considered very important. It was suggested that, if the lady had her lessons in a riding school, the groom fasten a long rope to the horse's bridle and let him revolve around while the lady took her foot out of the stirrup (which by the way had a slipper toe) and held her hands behind her back!!

All this sounded as if she had a gentle horse, but she's also taught what to do when the horse kicks, rears, shies, etc. When the horse kicks, she must be careful not to hold him too tight, in which case he may rear the instant his hind feet touch the ground. I certainly think then she would have had to change her posture in a hurry.

While the book did not attempt to train her for cross country riding, it did give instructions on jumping in the riding school. There was either the standing jump or the running jump. The standing jump was considered the easiest, when the horse simply rose up and over like a mechanical horse.

I've known very few horses who would do that, but I did have one old cavalry horse

who would seem to be standing quietly and then would take off, up and over, before I could reach him. When the lady came to dismount, the gentleman could put his hands on either side of her waist and life her down. That's what Colonel William Smith (Tangier) did for his wife, as she mentions in her writings about 1700.

She felt the strain of doing this was the reason for his sickness, yet his son took a pint of blood from him, which certainly could not have helped his speedy recovery. It is interesting to note that both his saddle and her saddle were covered with velvet.

Other ways of helping a lady dismount were more usual. But what she did when she dismounted by herself was what interested me most. For instance, how did she unfasten the brooch which held her skirts together? When she had freed herself from pommel and stirrup and jumped from the saddle, she must be careful to land with bent knees and on her toes to save a jar to her whole system. It seems to me she must have landed in a tangle of skirts.

She'd be lucky if her horse did not go off and leave her while she was getting her feet free. I do not think that my Aunt Amelia studied these directions too thoroughly as those pages on the subject do not seem to have been read more than other parts of the book.

Some day perhaps I'll write more of a proper young lady's accomplishments in 1830. I forgot to mention that the lessons were accompanied by small spirited wood cuts.

Property on Long Island is becoming increasingly sought after by almost everybody, it seems. If you are interested why not consult the real estate brokers advertising in the Forum?

L. I. Indian

(Continued from page 84)

a realty concern. Usually Indian boundaries were noted by marked trees ("as by trees being marked doth appear") but the Shinnecock's northern boundary was designated as "two ditches" whereas the company surveyor set their northern boundary at "one ditch" and the realtors planned to use the resulting difference of nine acres for a housing development. The Shinnecocks insisted their boundary was the second ditch alongside the highway, and inasmuch as this ditch had disappeared over the years the highway was now their boundary.

Thanks to the verdicts of the Suffolk County Court, the Appellate Division and the Court of Appeals the Shinnecock Indians still enjoy their entire reservation with no real estate development infringing on their given rights.

To get a better understanding of the creation of the Poosepatuck Reservation we will have to turn to the *Unkechaug* Indian Tribe ("the land beyond the hill") sometimes through error called Patchogues ("where they divide in two") or Poosepatuck ("where the creek flows out"). According to a Brookhaven Town Historian, the late Osborn Shaw, the *Unkechaug* Tribe held the territory "that began at the small stream known as Namkee between Blue Point and Bayport and ran eastward as far as the western boundary of the Shinnecocks at Southampton, at Seabrook Creek in Eastport." They considered the Ocean their southern boundary and the middle of the Island their northern which was the southern boundary of the Setalcot (Setauket) Indians. Their principal villages were located at Patchogue, Fireplace, Mastic, Moriches and Westhampton.

Our next point of interest is Colonel William Smith, who came to America from the

British Isles with his family in the fall of 1686 and by May, 1689 was settled in Setauket. Because of the many Smiths already living in eastern Long Island he became known as "Tangier" Smith as he had served under King Charles II as Mayor of Tangiers in northern Africa. There is no question that Colonel Smith became an outstanding figure here both socially and politically according to standard New York and Long Island histories but his tombstone at the family graveyard at Strong's Neck reads simply: "Chief Justice and President of ye Council for ye Province of New York."

As you stand at Setauket and look over its harbor to Strong's Neck (known as Little Neck in the old days) you can readily understand the Colonel's desire to possess this property. The Setalcot (Setauket) Tribe had congregated at its northeast tip after selling their main territory to a group of white settlers who started the beginning of the Town of Brookhaven whose later land purchase from the *Unkechaugs* made it the largest Township in New York State. It took time and legal maneuvering before Colonel Smith was able to acquire the "Little Neck" property as there were several previous owners living there who had to be satisfied.

Several Brookhaven men had bought large tracts of land from the *Unkechaugs* in the Mastic peninsula and by 1692 Colonel Smith had accumulated much property in the same area, too extensive to enumerate, that included the Sebomack and *Unkechaug* Necks where the Sachem and most of the members of the Tribe resided. With deeds covering his combined property Colonel Smith requested that the patentship covering it be established as a Manor to be known as "The Lordship and Manor of St. George" ("Little Neck" became the Manor Seat) and thus was revived in America a type of feudal manorship that

Parliament had earlier abolished in England.

By the time these land purchases had been completed the *Unkechaugs* were few in number and owning no land. When the Colonel found this small group had become squatters on his property he realized he had deprived them of a homesite and gave them "a perpetual lease to run forever so they, their children and posterity should not want for sufficient planting grounds provided they and their posterity pay as quit rent to him or his heirs two yellow ears of corn at harvest time." The lease dated 2 July 1700, was given to Sachem Tobaccus and eight other Indian proprietors and covered 175 acres in all. Apparently they only made use of 50 acres designated as Pospatan (Poosapatuck) and 10 acres at Qualiecon which became the tribal burying grounds.

It was surprising to learn in the Summer of 1958 that after more than two hundred years the Poosapatuck members decided to hold a weekend Pow Wow at the Mastic Reservation with several other tribal Indians as their guests, the general public paying a small admission charge to watch the ceremonies. Chief Red Fox (Eddie Treadwell) who claims to be a descendant of Montauk Sachem Wyandanch, explained they were attempting to revive old Indian traditions and planning to teach young Indians ancient handicraft hoping to raise money to make needed repairs at the Reservation, especially the Presbyterian Church that is among the oldest in Long Island. Evidently the 1958 Pow Wow was successful for the annual celebration still continues on a specified day in July.

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Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 74)

Plum Island May 5th, 1808.

May 21: Uncle Mathias came and planted part of the garden today.

August 29, 1808: I sat in a cool room on May 29th and took a fit of sickness. Remitting fever and ague. Lasted all summer.

Sept. 4th: Singing school was held on Sunday afternoon, and was so well attended that those who came late could hardly find seats.

Nov. 27, 1808: Uncle Rufus Tuthill came from Aquebogue with Priest Goldsmith, who was going to preach here. He preached Mr. Brown's funeral and held a meeting "down the river" in the evening.

Nov. 29, 1808: Paul preached here. (Probably the famous Indian preacher Paul Cuffee.)

Feb. 19, 1809: Rev. Woolworth of Bridgehampton preached and a number taken into the church. (This was Rev. Aaron Woolworth, pastor of the Bridgehampton Presbyterian Church.)

March 17th: Papa went to Coram to the Republican meeting. Mrs. Gerard expects to move 'down the river' before long.

March 26: Mr. Woodruff read a sermon. A full meeting so that they had to remove into the meeting house. (Probably held meeting in school house.)

April 7, 1809: Daniel T. Terry of Oyster Ponds (Orient) called. He had been at Albany on the Assembly for two months. He went away in the morning with the post. (Mail stage that ran through the middle of the Island.)

April 18, 1809: In the evening Debby and I went to meeting. It was a very melancholy meeting and I believe there were but few who did not shed tears. There was Mr. John Turner and his cousin Isaac and Charry, who we can't expect ever to see again. They are going to move a great ways off up in the "new country." It seemed to be very hard parting with them.



The old Post Office at Middle Island

They held the meeting at the clubhouse till past ten o'clock and then came to Mr. Woodruff's and stayed until one o'clock, and then bid each other farewell and came away.

Wed. April 19th: About 9 o'clock I saw Mr. Turner's folks go along. It seemed very doleful to think of not ever seeing them again. (In those years a large number of people were migrating up state and making settlements along the Mohawk river and other places, which was called the "new country.")

June 14th: General training, a gala day and women and all went to see it.

Aug. 6th: Mrs. Clarissa Clark, who has moved up "in the country," writes that she likes it very much and would not come back for anything. They expect to move 200 miles further westward next

(Continued on page 91)

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Writing About Writing

AS WE INDITE the following we can just barely make out the coast of Portugal on the port side of the s.s. Exeter bound to the Mediterranean. The sea is calm and the sun is bright. Yesterday we saw two lazy whales easing along to the south. It just so happened that we were reading "Moby Dick" at the point where Tashtego the Indian, standing high aloft in the crosstrees, announced with his wild cries, "There she blows! There! There! There! She blows!"

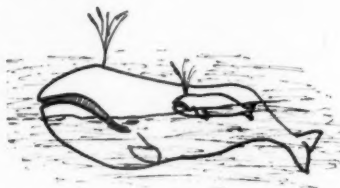
"Instantly was all commotion." Captain Ahab shouted his orders, time was taken and the boats lowered.

No boats lowered here—just a group of us silly tourists gaping through glasses. The whales blew at regular intervals—like clockwork. Sperm whales? What does Herman Melville say? Here it is: "The sperm whale blows as a clock ticks." Sperm whales they must be.

Remember the bit about Sag Harbor in "Moby Dick?" When Queequeg the cannibal harpoon-

er told Ishmael of his first experience with a wheelbarrow?

"It was in Sag Harbor. The owners of the ship, it seems, had lent him one, in which to carry his heavy chest to his boarding house. Not to seem ignorant about the thing—though in truth he was entirely so, concerning the precise way in which to manage the barrow—Queequeg puts his chest upon it; lashes it fast; and then shoulders the barrow and marches up the wharf."



What a grand book is "Moby Dick." When you get a moment thumb through it—read it here and there—you'll either renew an old friend among your books or find a new, fascinating one.

MR. JOHN O'HARA, sometime summer resident of Quogue, is familiar with the lives of sundry and various members of the bonton set to the west on the North Shore of the island, as evidenced by "The Girl On The Baggage Truck," the title of the first of three called "Sermons and Soda Water."

Mr. O'Hara writes of the recent past—he says in his preface: "The United States in this century is what I know, and it is my business to write about it to the best of my ability, with the sometimes special knowledge that I have." He does just this—his special knowledge seems to us somewhat limited to cafe and the racier elements of society.

After "Appointment in Samarra" appeared many years ago we were delighted and eager for more O'Hara. "Butterfield 8" we thought a strikingly fine novel. Since then we've had the feeling that economic pressures or something have forced a promising writer into potboiling.

O'Hara writes that he has issued the novellas in an interim while he does something on a grander scale. Despite this, we think he has, in "The Girl On The Baggage Truck," again risen to his best level of writing.

There is an interesting parallel in setting and personnel to another schronicle of Long Island's North Shore people — F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby." Different in many ways, yet with an overall similarity in setting and plot. Automobile accidents in both books play large parts in the denouements—in each case they are instruments whereby true values uncover the weaknesses

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and false standards of some of the principal characters.

The second and third novellas of the trilogy seemed to us superfluous. "The Girl On The Baggage Truck" can well stand alone — all by herself. No other impedimenta needed.

C. J. M.

Property on Long Island is becoming increasingly sought after by almost everybody, it seems. If you are interested why not consult the real estate brokers advertising in the Forum?

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Treasure

(Continued from page 76)

ocean side of the island, and standing atop one of the dunes, he scanned the skies for a certain constellation well down on the horizon. Satisfied, he drove down a stick, and leisurely returned to the camp. Unknown to him, no less than four pairs of eyes were spying upon him.

At full daylight the next morning, the thin man walked to the bay side of the island, and pulling out the small telescope he had with him, he spotted the spire of the church about which he had inquired. Meanwhile, his bearded companion had returned to where the stick had been driven the night before, and turning, faced toward the thin man, who moved further and further in a westerly direction, until the church spire and the stick on the dune were in alignment. Now with a wave of the arms, both men walked toward each other, thrusting down sticks every fifty feet until a straight line was established.

At this point they retraced their steps to the camp, took up the spade and iron rod and proceeded to the ocean end of the line of sticks. The fisherman was invited to accompany them, which he did, and later he told his audience that at no time did he see any of the three men consult a map, chart or writing of any description.

Upon reaching the ocean end of their marker, the thin man made a most careful survey of the shore line, evidently trying to establish a more or less definite high-water line, and having made a decision he paced off a score or so of steps. At this point, the bearded man who was carrying the iron rod proceeded to thrust it deep into the soft sand, once along the very center of the marker and again to both sides a foot or two away. At no more than the fourth or fifth thrust, he looked at his companions and pointed to the ground. Grasp-

ing the shovel, the deaf-mute made rapid progress in the sand, and after reaching a depth of about three feet he motioned to the thin man, who jumped into the hole and after a moment of tugging threw out a double bag of soft leather.

Four bags were dug out in all. Each was a double, shapeless affair, held loosely together with a strap and having the seams rudely stitched with cordage. There was no attempt to look for more, and obviously the strangers knew that four was the total to be found.

The thin man and the deaf-mute each shouldered one of the finds, while the bearded man took two. His knees sagged under their weight, and it must have been enormous, for he was powerful.

At this point the thin man discovered that they were being watched, and the click of the dueling pistols broke the silence; but the men who had followed the strangers to the island kept their distance, and not a word was spoken between the groups.

Turning toward the beached boat they made as rapid progress as possible, but halfway there the fisherman was asked to relieve the thin man, who was shaking like a leaf. On reaching the boat they shoved off at once, and arrived at the shack before darkness fell. Here the strangers threw the bags over the

horses shoulders and mounted. The thin man reined in for a moment, and shouting something unintelligible to the fisherman, he flung him a handful of silver; whereupon they dug in the spurs and galloped off as though all the demons of hell were in pursuit. They were never seen again.

As the strangers left, the fisherman's friends appeared from their hiding places and helped him gather the silver, while questions and answers flew about like chaff.

That night, at the inn, there was great speculation. So many had seen the discovery, to say nothing of the preparations, that all knew they had been within a few feet of a fabulous fortune. For weeks and even months, parties prodded and dug about the excavation made by the deaf-mute, but without success.

The aged physician had what was probably the most sensible solution to the affair, and that was, that the thin man had been a prisoner where a free-booter was likewise confined, and probably got from him the location of the treasure. His startling conclusion was that the bearded man and the deaf-mute were prison officials. I have found that he was correct.

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Readers' Forum

(Continued from page 87)

winter.

Aug. 18th: Mr. Brown's beach party took place. Papa went, also old Mr. Joshua Swezey and Harmony. Reached home about eleven o'clock at night.

Aug. 20th: Meeting in the school house in the evening, very much crowded and very warm. Mrs. Harmony Swezey almost fainted away, it was so warm. Her brother Joshua and cousin Sylvanus Overton carried her home in a chair.

Sept. 30th: Jeffrey Randall's wife died. At the funeral there were so many in attendance that the services were held in the edge of the woods instead of the meeting house. Mr. Robinson preached.

Oct. 1. I went to the store in the morning and got a gallon of rum. Mr. Petty and Mr. Hulse are to work here today.

Feb. 2, 1810: Grandpa and grandma set out this morning to go to Smithtown. It was very cold and blustering. They hadn't been gone more than half an hour when Mr. Brown came running and told Papa to get his horses at once and go after his father and mother. He said the horse had run away and they were both thrown out of the chair and hurt. He went as quick as possible and brought them back, and then went for the doctor. He came and bled grandfather, and believes there are no bones broken. Uncle John went after the horses which ran to Patchogue.

April 3rd: Vendue of Joel Swezey attended. They are going to move to the New Country shortly.

May 24th: Mr. King called and spent part of the evening, returning to Mr. Woodruff's for the night. He is going to set out for Oyster Ponds in the morning. (Rev. Ezra King, pastor of the Middle Island and South Haven Presbyterian churches from 1810 to 1844.)

June 25th: Augustus Griffing and his wife stopped for the night on their way from Oyster Ponds to New York. (Was this the pub-

lisher of Griffin's Journal?)

Entries in her diary indicate that several vessels were wrecked on the Sound coast about the end of December 1811. One was the vessel of David Conklin of East Hampton. He and three others on board perished. Also a boat from Southold was stove to pieces and all on board lost, being Samuel Davids, Samuel Payne, William Wells, Gilbert Goldsmith and three others. The wrecks were probably on the Sound shore somewhere west of Rocky Point.

Schoolmates

I have been subscribing to the Forum since my old friend founded it about 1938 and I haven't missed a copy.

Paul Bailey and I were schoolmates and graduated in the class of 1903 from the Patchogue High School.

Frank M. Weeks
Merritt Island, Fla.

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A Reformed Character

Until quite recently — in fact until this past fall I had generally been content to spend the greater part of my weekend vacations from work lolling about comfortably in my small den—lulled into a soporific state by the Westerns and Easterns and 1948 or so movies of the week.

I have sailed the seven seas with various highly paid TV actors; adjusted my deepsea diving outfit and explored the briny deep battling vicious sharks, assorted octopi and other deepsea demons. I have found treasure and rescued fair maidens both brunette and blonde from various and sundry gangsters, pirates or evil, mustache-twirling freebooters.

Then one Saturday while waiting in the dentist's office for a more realistic encounter with life I happened to pick up a copy of the Forum. "Why," I thought to myself, "does anyone bother to read this sort of stuff—dull history?" I thumbed through, noting with some interest that the bank where I do business was an advertiser.

Then I came upon a story by your Douglas Tuomey and began, in spite of myself, to read. Good Lord—I'd almost forgotten how to read—anything but stock exchange reports, obituaries, or how many people had recently killed each other on the highways!

Mr. Tuomey was telling me of a haunted house where "Jonathan Four-Fingers" was chained in the cellar—just when the dentist appeared smiling in his pleasant antiseptic way. I put aside your magazine and was, for half an hour, subjected to necessary torture.

I asked the dentist if I could borrow the magazine. He said firmly that I could not, since he had not read it himself. He suggested that I subscribe and pointed out how I might do so. I did, and when the next issue arrived I settled in my comfortable chair and wandered about Fire Island with Julian Smith. At first it seemed a bit silly for a grown man to be sneaking up on unsuspecting birds with field glasses—spying on the poor things. But

then his tales of the dunes and earth-stars, and sunken forests and whatnot, got me.

I turned off the cathode tube, put the magazine aside—this was one fine Saturday morning in November — asked my wife to make up a sandwich or two and a thermos of coffee. She did so and when I put on a heavy coat and heavy shoes she did the same. We got in our car and drove ten miles to the beach.

The wind was north and it was warm in the lee of the high dunes. The sea was calm and gentle, a small freighter eased along on the horizon, great patterned flocks of ducks skimmed the sea—then high — the patterns undulating. We found shells—almost tropical they seemed—red and brownish and yellowish scallops—pectins? Great white clam shells, delicate jingle shells. We found bits of wood with Japanese writing; poles with cork and flag—to mark lobster pots, perhaps? I don't know. I found the bowl of an old pipe used, I'm hopeful, by an ancient wicked pirate.

Now every clear day on weekends we find time for our beach jaunts. We have lost our TV pallor. We are healthy, hungry, and happy. Thank you, Mr. Douglas Tuomey. Thank you, Mr. Julian Smith.

A Reformed Character Babylon

Do you have antiques for sale? Long Island books? Old maps? Manuscripts? Any items of interest to Forum readers? If so, why not try an inexpensive classified advertisement in the Forum? See page 41 for rates. Just send in copy with correct amount to L. I. Forum, Box 1568, Westhampton Beach.

Hurricane

(Continued from page 78)

Now, for the first time, I looked at a barometer and it registered 28. It must have been about 6:30 P.M.

Unbeknown to us, we were reported among the missing at this time, but our chief concern was to find out about Bill and the Dalins. So, clad in a pair of sneakers, blue jeans, and a sweater, I walked out.

The wind was almost west and still blowing a gale, and the rain had started again. I walked to Main Street, which was dry by now, but full of poles and wreckage. An armed guard stopped me. "Where are you going?" he asked. I said I had just come across the bay and wanted to find out if the Dalins and Bill Ottmann were all right. He said there were looters in the village, and of course after looking at my outfit, said I couldn't go through. I argued, but to no avail, so I walked to Emerson Raynor's house, with branches falling all around and poles and wires swinging in the breeze. No one answered the bell so I went to the telephone office, where I found a few linemen, one of whom I knew, but nobody had any information, so I gave it up as a bad job and went back to the hotel.

There was quite a crowd of refugees there by now, all people from the mainland whose houses had been filled with water, and all kinds of stories were told. I stayed

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there until about 11:00 P.M. and then started out again.

Main Street was deserted, so I walked through in the dark, stumbling over wreckage, without a flashlight, and finally arrived at police headquarters. They were very glad to see me, since we had been among the missing. I asked about Bill and they knew nothing, also there was no report about the Dalins.

Discouraged, I went into the Patio, and there found Jack Face, Bill's chauffeur, who told me Bill and the baby and all were safe and sleeping. This was a great relief, so we all had a drink.

Then I made my way to the Country Club, which had been turned into an improvised morgue, and there identified the body of C. Dalin. It appears that he washed up on the golf course right where we had landed, and they found him about 9:00 P.M. His son, Alvin, was there, and we identified him at about 12:30 A.M. It was a gruesome business, as there were no lights and we had to look the bodies over with flashlights.

Of course we didn't sleep after that, and searched for Mrs. Dalin. At 5:00 A.M. we found her body in the undertaker's. They had picked her up about a half mile east of where she landed, at 2:00 A.M.

To make a long story short, the Ottmanns picked us up

Property on Long Island is becoming increasingly sought after by almost everybody, it seems. If you are interested why not consult the real estate brokers advertising in the Forum?

at the Howell House at 9:00 A.M. and we all drove into New York together, glad to be alive and considering ourselves very lucky.

The aftermath of the storm has been well recorded, but a few personal items may be of interest.

Where the Livermore and Byrne houses stood on the dunes, the breakers are now breaking at low tide. A few feet to the east of the Livermore property there is an inlet, 200 ft. wide and 14 ft. deep at low tide. The remains of Coast Guard No. 75, consisting of a few concrete blocks, can be seen to the west,

but at high tide all three sites are under water.

For a half mile to the east and west of where our house stood there is nothing left but sand, where over 60 houses stood before the storm. Of 185 houses between Quogue and Old Moriches inlet, there are only 12 standing and 6 of these are just gutted framework.

After many days of searching we found practically nothing of value. The roof and attic of our house was washed up a swale behind the 1st hole of the Westhampton golf course about three miles from where it started. Part of the

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Livermore house landed some 300 ft. further on. The largest radio pole with halyards intact was found right on the first green of the golf course, and a vest to one of my suits was right near by, 20 ft. up in a tree. We found both of Mabel's riding boots, one at least half a mile from the other. One of my slippers was perched near a Coast Guard life boat a mile inland. Incidentally, there was a piece of shingle driven through the side of this boat with the force of a rifle bullet.

On the beach where the house used to be, we found part of a loud-speaker, the kitchen sink, a card table on its back with only one leg broken, Livermore's beach umbrella, and a sweater belonging to old man Dalin.

Two weeks afterward they found my brief case and some papers, check books, etc. belonging to Mabel and myself, under 10 ft. of wreckage on the golf course.

Up to the present writing twenty-nine bodies had been recovered and six were still among the known missing.

There were seven new inlets created from Quogue to the Old Moriches inlet, only three of which are still open, and what the future of the Dunes will be is in the hands of the Gods.

Suffolk Museum Names Artists to Advisory Board

Four distinguished Long Island artists have agreed to serve on the Art Advisory Board of the Suffolk Museum at Stony Brook, Jane des Grange, director, announced.

The appointment is part of the museum's expanding art program. The members are Robert White, sculptor, St. James; Marjorie Bis-

(Continued on back page)

L. I. FORUM INDEX

The Queens Borough Public Library sells a complete index of the Long Island Forum for the years 1938-1947 inclusive, at \$1 postpaid. Also for the years 1948-1952 inclusive, at 50 cents postpaid. They may be obtained by writing to the Long Island Collection, Queens Borough Public Library, 89-14 Parsons Boulevard, Jamaica 32, New York.

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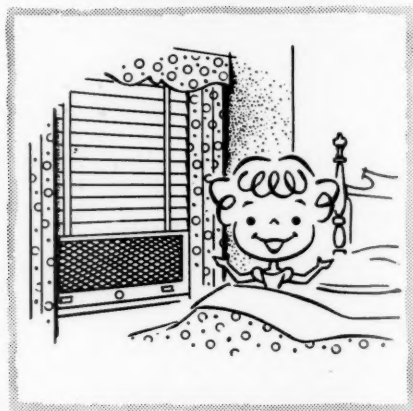
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hop, painter, Old Field Point; Jerome Snyder, art director, Setauket and New York; John Kock, painter, Setauket and New York.

The first extensive art show sponsored by the museum will open July 8, and it will be an invitation show of distinguished professional artists, and it is hoped that it will become an annual event.

The show will run through

August 6, and will present some exciting and unusual canvases not before shown in this area.

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